SACRED TO THE MEMORY

Rev. Dr. JONATHAN MAYHEW,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE

JULY 9th

SALUTIS HUMANÆ 1766.

ÆTAT. 46

"The Wife, the Juſt, the Pious, and the Brave,
Live in their Deaths, and flouriſh in the Grave,
Grain hid in Earth repays the Peaſant's Care,
And Evening Suns but riſe to ſet more fair."

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The ARGUMENT.

FIDELIO and DULCIUS, young Men of a liberal Education, who maintained a great Eſteem, and affectionate Regard for the Deceaſed, were ſeperated from each other, for ſeveral Years. Fidelio, after a long Abſence, pays an early Viſit to Dulcius, his Friend and former Companion, whom he finds in his Bower, employed in Study and Contemplation: Their Meeting begins with mutual Tokens of Love and Affection; after which they enter into a Diſcourſe expreſſing the beautiful Appearance of the Summer Season, and their Admiration of the Works of Providence; repreſenting, at the ſame Time, the beautiful but ſhort liv'd ſtate of the Flowers: From whence Fidelio takes Occaſion to draw a Similitude typical of the frailty and uncertainty of human Life; he obſerves the Stalks of a Vine which had lately been ſtruck by Thunder. This providential Event reminds Fidelio of the afflictive Diſpenſation of the Hand of God in the Death of a late uſeful and worthy Paſtor, which he reveals to his Companion. They, greatly dejected, bewail the Loſs of ſo truly uſeful and worthy a Man, but mutually conſole each other, by repreſenting the conſummate Happineſs, which Saints enjoy upon their Admiſſion to the Manſions of immortal Felicity. They conclude with an Ode expreſſing a due Submiſſion to the Will of Heaven.——

An ECLOGUE.

DULCIUS.

THE sable Veil of Night is cast aside,
The dawn is past: Behold the smiling morn
With crimson blushes paints the Eastern skies!
And wearied nature wakes refresh'd with sleep.
That sleep, which gives it's sweet restoring balm,
Whose power refreshing lulls each soul to rest:
Forsakes the eyes of all the feather'd race,
Whose wings expanded aid their airy course
From tree to tree; and each uniting seem
To carol forth their early warbling notes
To Him, whose wisdom rules the night and day.
This beauteous scene Aurora spreads around
Invites me now to leave my down of ease,
And take my usual seat within my bower;
Where thus retir'd, and while the opening morn,
(A time most friendly to the learned nine)
Invites the early mind unmov'd by cares,
To contemplation: Here, alone, I rove
In search for things which raise the noble soul,
Superior far to things of time and sense.

Amidst

Amidſt this pleaſing ſcene my eyes engag'd,
Survey around me blooming nature's face
Which ſpangled flowers ſo beauteouſly adorn,
——————But lo! I ſee
My friend, whom abſence hath ſo long conceal'd,
Approach towards me: Him to meet I'll riſe.
Welcome, my friend to this my morn receſs,
Thy wiſh'd for preſence chears my youthful ſoul.

FIDELIO.

Hail, friend ſequeſter'd from the cares of life!
Whom heaven indulges with the fruitful gains
Of learning's treaſures which enrich the mind.
Accept, O friend ſincere! my earneſt love,
The emanation of a Heart full joy,
Which ſight of you creates, and makes my blood
Leap with renewed force thro' every vein.

DULCIUS.

From you, with gratitude I now receive
That love, the earneſt of your friendly heart.
Here, let's improve the early hours of time,
In ſocial converſe, and in ſocial love.
Whilſt gentle Zephyrs fan with cooling breeze
The morning air, and as the dew of Heaven
Tops the ſmooth ſurface of the graſſy mounds:
For now the rural ſcenes delightful pleaſe,
And winter's gloom is chang'd to ſummer's joy.
How pleaſant 'tis to ſee the fleecy lambs,
Nigh yonder caſcade nib the criſpy ſpires
Of new mown graſs, and lap the limpid rill!

FIDELIO.

FIDELIO.

Delightful is the ſcene! What art of men
Can vie with nature? Or like her portray
A landſkip like to this which meets our ſight?
With admiration this invites our eyes
"To look thro' nature, up to nature's God,"
At whoſe command the vernal months appear,
And introduce us to the beauteous time,
When nature ſmiles array'd in ſummer's joys;
And from her genial lap in plenty pours
Her balmy nectars, and nutritious fruits,
Which, at the touch of autumn's piercing froſt,
Drop from the bending boughs, and fall with leaves:
Then winter ſpreads the ſnowy mantle round
Theſe rural ſcenes: Whilſt frigid Boreas hurls
His icy breath, and ſtops the purling ſtreams.
The birds, whoſe ditties charm theſe ſhady groves,
Mindful of this approaching gloomy ſcene,
Flee hence to yonder climates where, the Sun
A greater warmth and influence beſtows.
Each Seaſon's ſwift return proclaims aloud,
The God of time, of nature, and of years.

DULCIUS.

"The ſtate of Nature, is the reign of God,"
Whoſe works in wiſdom wrought, ſurprize the ſoul;
But how ſurprizing is that glorious work!
His grand creation of the human race.
With an immortal ſoul, and that endow'd
With light of reaſon, and the power of ſenſe;

Thoſe

Thoſe marks of wiſdom which diſtinguiſh man,
From beaſts, whoſe reaſon is what nature prompts.
He, whoſe ſame wiſdom guides the daily ſun,
Directs the courſe of nature, time and years:
From Him theſe plants derive their natural life.

FIDELIO.

Sweet is the ſight; delightful is the ſcene
To ſee how flowers by nature's actions grow,
She in their folded buds conceals their bloom,
Until the ſun expands their roſy leaves,
Which, tip'd with early dew diffuſe around
Their balmy odours, and their ſweet perfumes.

DULCIUS.

Gay for a while, their pleaſing beauties ſhine:
The pride of nature, and the ſeaſon's joy.
But "flowery nations they muſt all decay!"
Yes pleaſing objects they muſt change and die.
For e're cold autumn ſtrips the lofty trees
Of all their green attire, and nature's face
Puts on the ſable veil of winter's gloom:
The froſt relentleſs blaſts their beauteous hues,
And marrs their pride, they dwindling fall, and then
Their tempting beauties mix with common mould.

FIDELIO.

Ah! ſhort liv'd objects, which to day appear,
In all their glory; but to morrow change!
Juſt ſo is man! whoſe ſeeds of life are ſown
In nature's ſecret womb, from whence he ſprings

A worm of crumbling duſt, and breaths a while
Within this mortal air: The ſmiling youth
Dawns with propitious rays of blooming years,
Replete with hopes that promiſe public good:
Yet death enwraps him in his cold embrace,
In adamantine ſilence locks the ſenſe,
And blaſts the ſpring and bloſſom of his youth.
My friend, what mean theſe wither'd leaves and ſtalks
Which lay thus mouldering on the giddy earth
When nature ſeems but in meridian bloom.

DULCIUS.

Theſe leaves and ſtalks were erſt a fruitful Vine,
Which here I planted, and with labour prun'd:
From thence, the luſcious grapes I yearly pluck'd.
But all things have their end: Nor has the Sun
One conſtellation of the Zodiac paſs'd,
Since, the thick clouds in gloomy volumes roſe,
And blacken'd all around the vaulted ſkies:
From pole to pole, the veiny lightnings flaſh'd,
Succeeding thunders roar'd their grumbling peal,
Thro' the wide void of Heaven's ætherial ſpace:
One powerful bolt, arm'd with deſtructive force,
Came from aloof, and on this ſpreading vine,
Burſt its full vent, and tore it from the roots;
Then laid it level with the clay cold earth.

FIDELIO.

Thus, God diſplays his wiſe majeſtic power:
From whence, my friend, we learn th' uncertain ſtate

Of ſublunary things; and thus are taught
Neither in hopes or promiſes to truſt;
They're like the ſun, who riſes but to ſet.
What you've reveal'd to me, now calls to mind,
A late moſt ſad afflicting breach of heaven;
Which fills my heart with ſympathetic grief,
And ſtops the utterance of my mournful words.

DULCIUS.

What mean thoſe ſighs, that mournful cloud of grief?
Or whence thoſe tears which courſe along your cheeks?
Theſe ſeem the omen of ſome late event.
To me unboſom all your ſecret woe,
And me as partner in your grief admit.

FIDELIO.

When yeſter's ſun had dipt his orb of light
In weſtern ſtreams, and bar'd the gates of day.
Calm and ſedate, I from my walk retir'd
To my muſeum, where alone I ſat;
And on my table lay the weekly news,
Where I with ſorrow read theſe mournful words:
"MAYHEW the Great is dead!" His eyes are clos'd
From mortal things! His ſoul has ſoar'd aloft,
On wings celeſtial, to the realms of bliſs!
And leaves a world to mourn the general loſs.

DULCIUS.

Does He no more imbibe the balmy ſweets,
That ſtrengthen life? nor breath in vital air?
Support me heaven, amidſt this ſcene of woe,
And ſend one glimple of comfort to aſſwage

The

The poignant grief, which thrills my deep funk heart,
And makes my ſoul the ſeat of all deſpair.

FIDELIO.

Complain not, O my Dulcius, but be ſtill;
And know, 'tis God who doth what ſeemeth beſt.
He who firſt form'd that noble ſtructure, Man,
Ap time of birth preſcrib'd his time of life,
Thoſe limits which no being can exceed:
Then paſs'd this firm, this unrevok'd decree,
Seal'd with the ſanction of his ſov'reign fiat;
"I've ſaid, ye're Gods, but ye ſhall die like men,
And like the princes of this earth ſhall fall."
Our months are under his omnificent ken,
And he directs the periods of our lives;
His providential care, and bounteous love
Support our natures, and thoſe ſprings of life,
Which hold theſe bodies of frail duſt and clay.
But when conſiſtent with his holy will,
He ſpeaks the word, "Return," death's icy dart
Strikes to the fount of life, the brittle thread
No longer able for ſupport, divides;
The powers and ſprings of nature ceaſe, and then
We drop, and moulder to our kindred earth.
This is the frail, uncertain ſtate of man!

DULCIUS.

This is the fate which every man muſt ſhare!
Kings, princes, nobles, potentates of earth,
Muſt with ſubmiſſion bow to heaven's decree:
Death with impartial eye ſurveys the ſands,
Which running, leave the glaſſy urn of life:

At this grand period ſtrikes the fatal blow,
And takes from hence the man of uſeful life.
Happy are they, whoſe lives have been moſt pure,
With chriſtian fortitude, and holy joy;
They paſs from this uncertain ſtage of life,
To dwell in manſions of celeſtial bliſs,
Which knows no change, or end; but is the ſame,
Throughout the ages of eternal day.

FIDELIO.

Such liv'd our worthy paſtor, who, of late
In peace deſcended to the ſilent grave.
He, who when young, did form his youthful mind
Upon religion's plan to ſerve his God;
Rais'd above pleaſures both of time and ſenſe,
He view'd his glaſs of time, which ſwiftly ran,
Careful each ſand ſhould not be miſemploy'd;
To fit himſelf for this important truſt,
Improv'd each fleeting moment, and with care,
Religion's early plant he wiſe manur'd,
And careful, guarded from all threatning blaſts
Its hopeful flower, until the ripen'd fruit
Burſt forth to public view, and charm'd each eye.
And when advanc'd upon the ſtage of life,
Full ripe in years, replete with every hope,
That ſeals the ſanction on a good man's name:
Firm, fix'd, and ſtedfaſt in religion's cauſe,
His evangelic truths with zeal diſplay'd:
Pleas'd with his tenets, they did him invite
To be their guide and paſtor during life;

This he accepts, and faithfully diſcharg'd,
The truſt in him repos'd: And here he ſhone
Diſtinguiſh'd in the noble powers of ſenſe,
The light of reaſon, and the depth of thought,
Thoſe gifts of heaven, which he for public good
Employ'd: And borne on rapid wings of fame,
Soon reach'd thoſe climes where merit ſometimes gains
It's due reward. His name was ſoon enroll'd
Amongſt the learned tribe, who joy'd to own
Him their aſſociate, and on him conferr'd
Their public honour, which will long preſerve
The name of MAYHEW, when thoſe ſacred walls
(Which ſilent witneſs his extenſive fame)
Shall waſte, decay, and into nothing fall.
Witneſs, bereaved flock! who joyous ſat
Beneath the wing of his inſtruction; how
His ſoul capacious of extenſive powers,
Deep fraught with ſenſe, refin'd by wiſdom's lore,
Unfolded all the ſacred myſteries;
And interſpers'd the light of reaſon clear,
Which ſcatter'd all enthuſiaſtic ſhades.
In this important part of life he ſtood
Firm, and unſhaken on the ſolid baſe
Of ſpotleſs honeſty, and faith ſincere;
Till Death relentleſs, ſunk the fatal ſhaft
Deep in his heart, and ſnapt the vital cord,
On which his life ſo long, ſo uſeful hung;
And wrapt him in the ſilent ſhades of night.
But now that tongue which taught the things divine
Is lock'd in ſilence of eternal death;

The hand which guided them in paths of peace,
Muſt ſoon decay, and crumble into duſt.

DULCIUS.

——— Ah happy man!
Releas'd from earth, and bleſt with endleſs joys:
His ſoul immortal gains the happy ſhore,
Where ſorrows, ſighs and tears their periods know,
Diſſolv'd in raptures of celeſtial joys,
Which flow unceaſing from the ſpotleſs throne
Of God, whoſe goodneſs crowns the wiſe and juſt.
No more, the helpleſs orphan can receive
The generous bounties of his liberal heart,
Stamp'd with the ſeal of chriſtian charity,
Which he beſtow'd to ſatiate their wants:
Theſe, like as miſts before the ſcorching ſun,
He drove away, and fill'd their hearts with joy.
Alas! they ceaſe, his ſoul has broke the bands
"Which long detain'd her captive here," but now
Exiſts coeval with her maker, God,
And joins the praiſes of angelic choirs.

FIDELIO.

His heart was fill'd with love ſincere for thoſe
Whom heaven committed to his care and truſt,
Which he by blameleſs conduct did maintain;
And dealt his godlike comforts unto thoſe,
Whom providential breaches did afflict:
This work he deem'd his pleaſure and delight.
Such, MAYHEW liv'd whilſt heav'n vouchſaf'd to ſpare:
The ſaint, the chriſtian, and the virtuous friend.
But God who to our lives hath ſet the bounds,

His

His ſacred volume of events unſeal'd;
Turning to MAYHEW's page of life, he found
That he th' allotted time of life had reach'd:
Then, ſummon'd death with all his implements,
And unto him this ſolemn mandate gave:
"Go, ſtrike the ſun round earth's wide globe has roll'd
One orbit more, and ſtrike the fatal blow."
Proud to obey th' Almighty's grand behеſts,
Death came, and enter'd into MAYHEW's walls.
There, he of late his embaſſy diſcharg'd;
And ſnatch'd the good man from employment here.
With his laſt foe the conflict he maintain'd,
And dy'd with chriſtian fortitude and faith:
The grand concluſion of a zealous life!
Calm and ſedate, he bad adieu to earth,
And left us mortals, to enjoy his God.
Whilſt angels watch'd around his dying bed,
Guardians commiſſion'd by almighty power!
To be the convoys of his fleeting ſoul,
Which they to yon ſequeſter'd manſions bore,
And wafted joyous to the realms of peace:
Where now with ſaints he taſtes the joys of heaven,
And ſhares with them the fulneſs of his God.
Mourn, O bereaved flock! yet grateful own
Your due ſubmiſſion to the powers of Heaven.

DULCIUS.

Fidelio, ceaſe your plaints, let grief ſubſide!
What tho' his body moulders into duſt:
His ſoul doth "flouriſh in immortal youth,"

Amidſt

Amidſt the glories of ſublimer worlds?
Enwrapt in viſions of immortal light,
Convoy'd by angels now he takes his place
At God's right hand, who, with propitious ſmiles,
The happy EUGE to his ſervant ſpeaks,
And gives the PREMIUM of a well ſpent life,
Crown'd with fruition of immortal bliſs:
His home is now that ſtate of Paradiſe,
Which blooms forever in eternal joys:
Thoſe glorious worlds where rays of endleſs light
Beam from the ſacred, and exhauſtleſs ſource
Of light divine, of undiminiſhed love,
And center in the good man's peaceful ſoul:
Whilſt Cherubs clap their wings, and Angels tune
Their golden harps of praiſe, with ſoft preludes
Of ſacred ſymphony, and all ſalute
Him welcome to his new born ſtate, and ſing
His balmy requiem from the toils of Earth.
Reſt bleſſed ſhade! Immortal ſpirit reſt!
With life eternal, and its glories crown'd.

FIDELIO.

Afflictive ſtroke! of all its light depriv'd!
May Heaven in his due time this breach repair,
With One, in whom the worthy MAYHEW lives.

DULCIUS.

We muſt not murmur at theſe ſore rebukes,
But be reſign'd to God's moſt holy will,
And own his ſovereignty in all his works.—
But lo! the Sun has rear'd his golden orb
Above the eaſtern ſky, and with his rays,

Skims

Skims off the dew that tops the reeling ſpires.
Let us retire, but firſt with grateful hearts,
In humble fear and awe our homage pay,
To Him whoſe love demands our conſtant praiſe.

FIDELIO.

My friend, perform the ſacred taſk that's due
To heaven, whilſt I unite with heart ſincere.

DULCIUS.

PARENT of ALL! Thou ſource of light!
Whoſe will ſeraphic powers obey;
The heavenly nine, as one, unite,
And thee their vow'd obeiſance pay.

Permit us, Lord, to conſecrate
Our firſt ripe fruits of early days,
To thee, whoſe care to us is great,
Whoſe love demands our conſtant praiſe.

Thy ſovereign wiſdom form'd the plan,
Almighty power, which none controul;
Then rais'd this noble ſtructure, Man,
And gave him an immortal ſoul.

All earthly beings here who move,
Experience thy paternal care,
And feel the influence of thy love,
Which ſweetens life from year to year:

Thou haſt the keys of life, and death,
The ſprings of future joys, and bliſs;
And when thou lock'ſt our door of breath,
Frail life, and all its motions ceaſe.

Our

Our morn of years which smile in bloom,
And those arriv'd at eve of age,
Must bow beneath thy sovereign doom,
And quit this frail, this mortal stage.

In all we see thy sovereign sway,
Thy wisdom guides the ruling sun;
Submissive, we thy power obey,
In all we own "thy will is done."

O! may our thoughts superior rise,
To things of sense which here we crave;
May we with care that int'rest prize,
Which lies so far beyond the grave.

Conduct us safe thro' each event,
And changing scene of life below;
Till we arrive where days are spent
In joys which can no changes know.

Lord, in thy service us employ,
And when we've serv'd thee here on earth;
Receive us hence to realms of joy,
To join with those of heavenly birth.

May we, from angels learn to sing
The songs of high seraphic strain;
Then mount aloft on cherub's wings,
And soar to worlds that cease from pain.

With angels, seraphs, saints above,
May we thy glorious praise display;
And sing of thy redeeming love,
Through the revolves of endless day.